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# The QUILL



OCTOBER, 1918

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## The Supreme Sacrifice



ALPH ELLIS, past national treasurer of Sigma Delta Chi and an alumnus of the University of Kansas, died in France, August 13, three days after he fell a victim to a gas attack. He was for a time a member of the editorial staff of The Kansas City Star. Later he was employed by the Duplex Press Co., at Battle Creek, Michigan, but returned to newspaper work, first as Owosso correspondent and then as a member of the local staff of The Lansing (Mich.) State Journal. He resigned from The State Journal to go to The Des Moines Register and Leader. He entered service at Camp Funston, Kas., as a private in Co. C, 314th Field Signal Battalion. He was 24 years old.

Samuel Parker, who was initiated into the University of Washington chapter last January, died in Base Hospital 50 in France, of diphtheria. He was assisting in a struggle the hospital staff was waging against an epidemic in the town where he was stationed when he contracted the disease, and he died the evening of September 7, just as taps was sounded. Parker was a junior in the University of Washington and a reporter on the staff of The Seattle Post-Intelligencer at the time of his initiation into the fraternity. He resigned from the staff of the newspaper to enter service last spring. Physical weakness had resulted in his repeated rejection when he had endeavored to enter various branches of service; and only his high spirit and persistence had won him the place he coveted. He was for two years managing editor of The University of Washington Daily, and was a member of the Seattle Press Club. His gold star is the first in the service flag of the club and of Washington chapter. His widowed mother resides in Palo Alto, Calif.

Two members of Wisconsin chapter, Lieut. Theodore Robert Hoyer, '13, and Lieut. Thomas E. M. Heffernan, '18, were killed in action in August, presumably at Chateau Thierry.

Lieut. Hoyer, after his graduation, spent two years in China, teaching in a government school. He returned in 1916 to do graduate work in English at Wisconsin. He was the author of numerous poems which appeared in Atlantic Monthly, and was completing a novel dealing with life in the Orient at the time of his enlistment. He belonged to Sigma Delta Chi, Sigma Phi, Iron Cross (honorary senior society), and White Spades (honorary junior society). He was actively interested in the Wisconsin Dramatic Society and the Student Conference; was president of the University Y. M. C. A., and in his senior year was managing editor of The Cardinal and The Wisconsin Magazine. He entered the first officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan in 1917, and was among the first to go overseas.

Lieut. Heffernan enlisted as a French Red Cross ambulance driver early in 1917, and spent eight months in Flanders, during which time he twice distinguished himself by rescuing wounded men under fire. He returned to the United States to enter the second officers' camp at Fort Sheridan. After being commissioned, he sailed for France in January with a field artillery unit. He was killed by a bursting shell, August 3. He was a member of Sigma Delta Chi, Delta Kappa Epsilon, White Spades, and the Student Senate. In his junior year he was university editor of The Cardinal, and founder and associate editor of The Wisconsin literary magazine.

# THE QUILL

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NUMBER 1

## The Censorship of the Press

By Oswald Garrison Villard

Editor of *The Nation*

WHEN the history of America's part in the war is written, one of the unhappiest chapters will be that dealing with the control of the press. For this the press itself is largely responsible. When the first proposal for an extreme censorship was brought out the press easily defeated it. Thereupon the editors forgot about the matter and the bureaucrats quietly found another way of achieving their purpose—by utilizing the Post Office Bill and that Department to accomplish their aims. Nothing could have been worse. In the first place there is no other department of the government which conducts its business as inefficiently and wastefully. In the second place the two men who became responsible for the control of the press were by temperament, training and lack of broad experience unfitted for their task.

Mr. Burleson proved that at the very beginning when he said that he would not permit any Socialist newspapers to criticize the war—not because they were Socialist newspapers but because of their views! Having uttered this remarkable sentiment it was only natural that he should conceive his function to be not so much to prevent information of military value reaching the enemy as to control public opinion in this country. He directed his censorship not against facts but against opinions. He told one clergyman that he could not edit any paper which he, Mr. Burleson, would pass not because that preacher, turned editor, was pro-German, but because Mr. Burleson did not like his views on war and the philosophy underlying war. In other words Mr. Burleson held precisely the Prussian attitude that you must suppress any opinions that you do not like or do not approve of or do not understand. Anything more un-American or more directly in conflict with what the United States was fighting for it would be hard to conceive of.

Mr. Burleson's right hand man, Solicitor Lamar, speedily proved to be the typical departmental law officer of a southern type all too familiar since Mr. Wilson took office. He has spent practically all his life in the Post Office Department, which is proof in itself that he has not the intellectual breadth and range desirable for so important a task as the control of the American press which, for all its faults, is still the bulwark of liberties, as it was intended to be by the founders of this government; they by the way, in writing into the Constitution that no laws should be made abridging the freedom of the press were careful not to add "save in war-time." They had just had a lively experience with the suppression of the

press during the Revolution. It would have been interesting if somebody had taken the law which made Mr. Burleson Pooh-Bah to the Supreme Court. I have heard interesting stories to the effect that certain members of the Court would have been glad to have had Mr. Solicitor Lamar before them on this issue. They are circumstantial stories but while I should like to believe them I am afraid that this court, too, would forget to look at the letter of the law, but would think that it was its duty to consider only what the Executive would like. It is not only that *inter armis* the law is silent. We have seen that it readily becomes an instrument of oppression, or at least, a ready tool of the executive branch.

To return to Mr. Lamar, his equipment for his task may be measured by the fact that when some one he had on the carpet spoke of the freedom with which *The Manchester Guardian* criticised the Government he asked: "Where is that published, in Manchester, Vermont?" Some day soon I hope to have the pleasure of telling the editors of the greatest of English dailies—the best and most honest daily, I believe, published in the world—how they have failed to impress themselves upon our Washington bureaucrats. But the meanest feature of the policy of Messrs. Burleson and Lamar was that they promptly picked upon not only the Socialist and often the German language newspapers, but they singled out the weak and feeble journals for their particular attentions. *The New York Tribune* might freely abuse Mr. Wilson and Mr. Baker, Col. George Harvey might say anything he pleased about the war and its conduct—what happiness the German General Staff must have had reading his weekly—but let a little fellow like the *Freeman's Journal* reprint Amos Pinchot's radical fiscal demands and it was promptly suppressed.

The New York Call has been denied the mails innumerable times, and usually it has never been told why, but sometimes it has had every reason to suspect that it was because it reprinted articles from the London and New York *Nations*, for which those newspapers were never even rebuked. In short, as is always the case with a censorship which is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord wherever it is—the English and French and Prussian censorships are just as censurable as our own—there has been great unfairness and discrimination. To cite another example, the Post Office has conceived it to be its duty to curb the various Irish journals which have been demanding a free government for Ireland and the application there of Mr. Wilson's principle of self-determination.

Articles severely criticising our ally, England, have led to their being denied the mails and the revocation of their mailing privileges. But the most sizzling excommunication of British rule in Ireland which I have seen, appeared in *The New York World* without let or hindrance. Naturally, the intense bitterness against the Post Office grows. Nothing does so much damage to an Administration as to have the belief spread abroad that it is unfair in its application of its laws and regulations, and that belief is spreading among us.

Of course what the Administration should have done—and the President could have done it by uttering a single sentence—was to have constituted a group of editors to handle this whole press situation, men like William Allen White, William Marion Reely, and Albert Shaw, who are pro-war Liberals. It is the spirit which counts in such matters. These men would have been far more efficient because they are professionally trained and they would have fostered sane liberalism and permitted honest dissent from governmental policies where the editors desired to dissent. Had this been done we should not have seen the President without a strong Liberal opinion behind him at this moment when he needs it as never before, to combat our American reactionaries and the European jingoes and Tories who only pretend to believe in his fourteen peace terms, but are eagerly awaiting the opportunity to grab all they can at the peace conference and forget about the preventive measures which must be taken if the world is to be kept from witnessing such another disaster as we have just lived through. Herbert Asquith, by the way, in his latest speech declares solemnly that if another such war takes place civilization will perish.

Just why in the handling of its press and of dissenters from its war policy the United States should have proved more reactionary and less liberal than England, France or Germany during this war is something that I confess I cannot explain. Where we are sentencing our conscientious objectors to twenty-five and thirty years in prison, England awards two years in prison. Where we send insignificant anarchists and socialists to jail for thirty years, the Kaiser put Liebknecht in jail for only four years, and this on the charge of attempted high treason. Throughout the war, peace meetings have freely been held in Great Britain, often interrupted by mobs and sometimes closed by the police to protect the speakers. Nonetheless, England has triumphantly maintained freedom of speech and of press

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# The Stars and Stripes

By Verne E. Burnett (Michigan)

Quartermaster Sergeant A. M. T., American Expeditionary Forces, France;  
Formerly Assistant Managing Editor of The American Boy

NEWSPAPERMEN, magazine men, literati, and, in fact, everyone in America interested in catching the spirit of the Yank invasion of Europe, should by all means read copies of that great voice of the American Expeditionary Forces, "The Stars and Stripes." Letters from pals and relatives paint little intimate tableaux of the extraordinary life of the Yankees in France, but a few copies of The Stars and Stripes can rear an atmosphere which hundreds of excellent letters could not begin to comprise. The editors, by their work, show that they are regular fellows. They have the viewpoint of the buck private, as well as that of the gray-haired executive with the silver stars on the shoulders.

This introduction was not intended for a subscription ad. Anyone with such suspicions is hereby notified that most public libraries in the United States get the paper. The appeal is just to read the sheet. There is too much of human interest, historical value and journalistic worth for Americans in literary fields to miss.

The publication may best be considered in at least the three following ways: The technical phases, the news and editorial matter, and the policy.

## The Make-Up.

To sketch a little illustration for this exposition, the paper is a weekly, eight-page, seven-column affair, printed on medium good stock. Paris, No. 1 Rue des Italiens, is the delightful center from which the staff operates. Bold, severely plain type is used for the headlines, which are something like those of The Chicago Tribune. This follows a tendency advocated by the leaders of American journalism—namely, to establish headlines which get the message across in the most forceful, clear-cut manner, without being too startling, and not so extended as to be difficult for head writers to handle.

Stars and Stripes' layouts, of course, have appeared as amateurish as any new night editor on a university daily could execute. But such instances have been rare and due, no doubt, to the strains of war times. Variety, at least, marks the files of The Stars and Stripes, and some issues have presented real artistry of makeup. A wide range of type is not to be had, and perhaps is not desired. Fine cartoons, halftones, usually not so fine, and boxes break up the gray matter of the pages. Right here I wish to remonstrate against French photography, which is a fiasco compared with the American. The engraving work for the ads seems much better. Ads wisely keep off the page for editorials (page No. 4), and the front page. They stack in right triangles, in the increasingly familiar "pyramid" style, which leaves a fairly wide space at the top for headlines and effective layout.

In makeup, The Stars and Stripes effects a great eclecticism of Yankee journalism, as well as war spirit. The New York Times is echoed in the method of breakovers of full column stories from the front page, and in other rather unexplainable ways. The recognition of "the world's greatest newspaper" has already been noted as to headlines.

Flashes of the style of the Gotham Sun and Tribune break out in many of the technical details. To this borrowed technique is added, however, ingenious and creditable originality.

## The Content.

One striking thing about each column of The Stars and Stripes is that "bull" is absent. Stories contain meat, and they wear the dress of happy-go-lucky, kidding, slangy diction typical of the Yank in his gayest moods. Too much seriousness is always avoided.

Take a typical issue of October. Column one contains a story about the Christmas packages, probably the most discussed topic of the week in the A. E. F. It talks clearly, simply, in the tone of one bunkie to another, but far more scintillating and clever. The bottom of the first column is filled out with a spicy, newsy feature of a New Yorker and Princeton officer. Right here it may be understood that the paper combines the interests of officers and men on a democratic stamping ground. The method works out tactfully, too.

Across the five columns in the center runs a box containing President Wilson's remarkable reply to the appeal of Prince Max of Baden for an armistice. This being only a half-day old and of uttermost news value, evidences good playing of news.

Centered below the box appears a three-column crayon cartoon by Baldridge. It pounds in a policy lesson of the editors, namely, to urge companies or other units to adopt refugee orphans. The drawing, which is excellent, portrays a group of doughboys beaming down at a grinning little French orphan, hugging her doll, just presented by her "adopters." The caption, "The Best Christmas Box of All," tops the cut, and a story fills column two with newsy, entertaining matter on the subject, announcing the adoption of 88 orphans in the preceding seven days. This story, like four others on page one, breaks over to inside sheets.

Column three contains statistical stories about the record-smashing business being accomplished by the Service of Supplies, and a story from America about the price of shoes being fixed. Stories from the United States invariably carry the slug, "By Cable to The Stars and Stripes," and in compliance with censorship rulings, start off with "America, Oct. —" rather than naming the exact locality.

A plain ruled box with a bright feature on the S. O. L. Club, and a story about army pay books, occupy the available space in column four.

The last three columns blaze out with three big stories covering various phases of the victories of the week preceding. Phases are presented which the Paris editions of the New York Herald, the Chicago Tribune and the Daily Mail had not touched. The military news often occupies half the front page. In the edition announcing the St. Mihiel smash, a few weeks before the issue now under discussion, seven stories hugging the heading of page one all took a fling at the subject. The breaking of the long suspense of intensive preparation for an

All-American drive by some such departure from journalistic precedent seemed perfectly proper here. It was a sort of fireworks to celebrate the real beginning of the First Field Army's drives.

Page two of the issue in hand is devoted mostly to three of the page one breakovers, and about a third to ads. This gives an idea of the length of the stories—much less exhaustive and exhausting than those of the New York Times. Page three deals with the Liberty Loan, the revenue bill, minor military operations of the week, another first page breakover, and a few features based on experiences of the enlisted men in the most active sectors. A third of page three goes to ads.

Pages four and five contain no news, but worlds of editorials, verse and departmentized features. The editorials remind one of Lord Northcliffe's short whirlwind paragraphs. Yet they talk less stridently and more like those of the New York World. Now and then a hint of Brisbane appears in the style, and, again, the playfulness of Dana of the old "Sun." Captain Guy T. Viskniski, editor, working under General Pershing's supervision, has certainly surrounded himself with a ring of able writers. Besides the expert rewrites, rounded from former stars on big American sheets, there are big men writing the editorials, the features, the poetry, and even the ads.

Take Grantland Rice, for example, whose verse has occasionally burst out under his name on page four. Ring Lardner's stuff and able pupils' imitations have put yards of the finest "line" into type.

The remainder of the news columns contain scores of meaty news stories, helpful or entertaining, or both, to the military public. Under a special caption, "Keeping the Hun on His Toes in the Argonne," about 25 short items appear, touching on all sorts of phases of the recent battle front. They range from the pathetic and the horrible to the horseplay, pie-throwing humor of the conscript units. Fun predominates.

## The Policy.

The policy of The Stars and Stripes is the best that any journalistic brotherhood could set up. It is the highest and finest of American journalism. It attacks the special problem of cheering a green, overworked army into enduring inhuman hardships and into rushing on with heroism never excelled in this world. It goes about it in a manly, regular fellow way, with no evidence of restraints by any military censor. It is too sensible for that.

One test of the efficacy of the policy of the paper can be seen in the attitude of the readers. The soldiers proverbially crab about anything, even the Y. M. C. A., and other ardent and well-intentioned institutions. But never once has the writer heard a word of criticism against The Stars and Stripes. The doughboy looks up to it as absolutely honest and authentic—as a sheet with a soul. The grotesque propaganda publication printed in English in Frankfurt, Germany, and distributed to the Yanks by Gothas, shows its hatred of The Stars and

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# The Inviting Realm of Facts

*The following observations have been set down by a young man who is head of a business paper publishing institution and who has done every class of work connected with what is ordinarily termed a "trade paper"—editorial, circulation, advertising. He sees clearly the necessity for recruiting the right kind of young men for service in the business paper field—especially in the great industrial age that we all believe is just in its dawn. Through the Editor of the Quill our readers who wish to ask questions—who want information of any kind about the business paper field—may get in direct touch with the writer, who evinces a sincere desire to help every man find his place and make good in it.*

SOMEWHERE there is a place for me—that place no one else can fill. My work in this world must be done by me and me alone. It is my immediate job to find the place and get at the work.

That's the problem that confronted me when I left school and that's the solution I outlined. I have never felt that in either instance I was deceived.

As a boy I used to write speeches and deliver them gravely from the eminence of a home-made hassock, builded of five tomato cans drawn together and handsomely upholstered with a piece of Brussels carpet.

In school—in grammar school—I spent much time regarding the outdoor world across the top of my geography book and on occasion wrote terrible verse that my relatives raved over.

Through later school days I earned my way as a local correspondent for various out-of-town newspapers. In vacations I got the job of relieving the "local staff" of the small town daily while he went to some summer cottage for a rest from the dreary round of collecting personal items, handling local political crises diplomatically, smoothing the feathers of the town's plutocracy, writing lying obituaries, gathering advertising copy and soliciting job printing. They paid the regular man twelve dollars a week and me, the mere substitute, five dollars, thus saving seven dollars a week.

Through all my boyhood experience on the small papers—in my work as the lowest form of animal life connected with a big city daily, namely "the local correspondent"—in those dreary times when I cut out the quite useless operation of copy-writing by sticking type into a composing stick right from my notes—all through I had the dream of climbing up the journalistic ladder and becoming a grand old man like Dana or Horace Greeley or Marse Henry Watterson, or, if that field should seem crowded, to turn to the paths of literature followed by Dickens and Hugo and Tolstoy. You see I had gotten past the James Fennimore Cooper stage.

Some school training and such newspaper experience as an ambitious young man may secure in a small town, helped me to get a toe-hold on the first rung of the ladder, which happened to be a job as assistant to a very fussy Sunday editor of a big city daily. Even through the monotonous week when I exercised all my marvelous skill in sorting the answers to a puzzle contest (which later became so mixed as to give the prize to the wrong little girl) even while I had opportunity to scan the editor's trashy desk and note the age-old manuscripts gathering dust—manuscripts sent forth in hope and awaited in despair—their writers even then greeting the mail man with a sort of plaintive cheer in the hope that the acceptance had finally come—I cherished the school-boy literary ideals.

One day at noon a considerate soul over on the east side was so careless as

to shoot his helpmeet fatally in the stomach and as the local staff didn't report until one o'clock, the city editor sent me out. I handled the story some way. It was very big and horrible and heart-rending and I was going to write a dramatic master piece that would run two columns anyway and probably The New York Sun would copy it.

Late in the afternoon the man on the police beat came in and helped me fill in a few names and dates that in my zeal I had overlooked. He kindly advised me to cut it short and then lighted a cigarette and buried his face in a copy of Moby Dick, a book that all literary people are supposed to read but in which I could never become at all interested. The man actually smoked and read about a white whale, totally oblivious to the fact that on the east side a man had killed a woman! Oblivious also to the fact that in the well established order of things it fell to me to record all the circumstances that posterity might know just what the quarrel was about and how he shot her and what the detectives found when they broke in the door!

Well, the story went into the hopper and the mill turned out a sorry stick-full, cold, heartless, unfeeling in its brief recital of time, place and action—a terrible loyalty to the Unities, a life tragedy encompassed in four square inches of type space.

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There are lots of things to do on a newspaper. I did most of them. Early in my local staff experience I was assigned to that pulsing, thrilling beat that includes immigration offices, the state factory inspectors, the referee in bankruptcy and the bureau of safety engineering. I did suburban and courts and police and burlesque theaters and marine—I worked on the exchange desk, I read copy, and handled state news and helped out on telegraph shifting from one stratum of the city's life to another, working first under this green lighted shade, then under that, rubbing elbows with all the long haired geniuses, the companionable drunkards, the dyspeptic editorial writers, the checker-suited sport writers, the human derelicts who occupied the copy desks, the crime reporter with white hands who never swore and the solemn chap who did the churches and always did.

It knocked the corners off—this business of getting close to life. I saw the skin peeled back—the ruthlessness, the terrible callousness shocked me at first. Illusions crumbled and fell in wreckage about my head. Every co-worker was a heartless brute, every idol was lead and every vision a mirage—this for a few months.

And then I began to gather the larger meanings—to see the larger sympathies that stirred the hearts of seeming heartless breasts. I began to appreciate the great men of the time in spite of their

weaknesses—to love the big human impulses of people in spite of their frailties.

It was a re-adjustment of values—I looked back on my cub days from my position of staff correspondent and wondered how a man could ever have entertained so many absolutely foolish ideas. I made \$20 a week on the local staff—I understand that good reporters, like good ditch-diggers, get considerably more now. The political writer on our paper got \$35 and the highest paid reporter was the Washington man who was a friend of the owner and got \$40.

\* \* \*

I remember that when we had a press club some young recruit suggested that we allow "business office men" to join.

Now we on the third floor only deigned to recognize the business office on Mondays—for on Mondays the ghost walked there.

We knew the business office as an organization of thin-nosed, steel-eyed handrubbing accountants forever trying to get some real estate dealer a free puff in the Sunday edition, or trying to keep out of print the elevator accident in the building of the biggest department store advertiser. We knew the business office as the sitting place of the board of strategy which decided whether the paper should be ten pages for the day or twelve—which issued edicts as to how the account of an automobile accident must break over from the first page to page 3 alongside the modest advertisement of an accident prevention device.

\* \* \*

One day one of the men on the local staff went away to take an editorial job on The Iron Age. That was incomprehensible to me.

Here was a man making \$30 a week on a metropolitan daily, writing good stuff, wielding some considerable local influence, putting into words the message that he wanted all mankind to get, provided with a big medium for delivering the message, and he goes to work on a publication that deals with the price of pig iron and the output of blast furnaces.

Here was I reporting the doings of a state legislature, revealing here and there some of the petty frauds of politics, lustily ringing those political bells that the owner of the paper wished to hear, meeting the great and the near-great, getting to know—actually know—the crook and the savant, the fallen woman and the supermen of earth—storing up great quantities of material with which to weave marvelous stories, to preach wonderful sermons. I was going to write and make men think as I. I was full swing in such a world and this man deliberately, voluntarily left it to edit a "trade paper."

\* \* \*

Poor as our ideas were of the business end of a daily newspaper we scorned above all things a "trade paper." That was something in the way of a black-

mailing sheet published for the edification and exploitation of men who dealt in tobacco or millinery or lumber or gas engines. Our idea was that the editor was a ball-and-chain captive at his own desk, daily beaten into submission by the ogre who directed the dark activities of the sheet, robbed of his every ambition, with neither the wit nor the will to write a thing besides pig iron or wheat or brick.

We all thought alike—all of us on the paper. Some of us were getting \$20, some \$30—mostly \$20. Most of us got to the \$20 height more quickly on the newspaper than we could have in any other line of work. Some there were who were satisfied—the married ones, with kiddies, who were always fearing they'd be scooped—how big a newspaper scoop looks until you're out on the street, reader instead of reporter!

Some were restless because they were socialists.

Some were hopeless because they had gotten into a rut.

Some were without hope because they drank too much whiskey.

And some cherished the burning desire to write—to write well and honestly—to reach an even greater number than the newspaper readers—to write for magazines and perchance to write books.

A few there were who could sell a story once a year to a second rate magazine. One or two got into the first class. The rest of us tried and hoped and when we saw our friend leaving the atmosphere we all loved, to work on a steel magazine, we wondered and shook our heads.

\* \* \*

A year later I became editor of a paper devoted to the copper and brass industry—a trade paper!

I didn't know anything about either copper or brass. It seemed to two or three men with money that such a paper should exist, so they established it and endowed it with five thousand sheets of letter paper and me.

It may surprise you to learn that it lasted three months. That's the only wonderful thing about it. Those three months are still to me a golden-rod haze. Golden-rod because each aimless effort was made on that infernal golden-rod stationery that was the backbone of the enterprise—five thousand sheets of it.

We found that the copper mining field was well served by old established journals devoted to mining engineering—metal mining as opposed to coal mining.

We found that the rolling mill section of the field had been served for years by old established publications.

We found that the foundry field where brass and the other alloys were cast into products of commerce had two or three very fine publications.

In short, five thousand sheets of golden-rod letter paper and an enthusiastic young newspaper man, excellent as they are jointly and severally, are still insufficient equipment for the founding of a powerful business paper.

\* \* \*

Across the top of some second grade copy book I have seen the horribly faultless scroll which tells about the wisdom of learning from your failures. Those three months taught me a lot about the business press of this country. I happened to be hooked up with a failure—a failure from the very start but the very things that made it a failure—the things that absolutely guaranteed its failure, represented the strength of that particular field of journalism.

When we attempted to get subscribers

for our paper among the miners of copper we were confronted with the question, "What can you do to serve us?" The fact that the word "copper" was a part of our title was singularly unconvincing. They wanted to know whether we were going to serve the metallurgist, or the miner himself, or the mining superintendent, or the engineer, or the company manager, or the investor, or all together, and if so, how were we going to do it? What was our equipment for gathering and disbursing usable information that these men didn't already have?

Those problems had to do with the mining end alone. We encountered the same thing when we came to the rolling mills and again at the foundry.

We discovered that in a technical field a business paper must not merely entertain or inform, it must instruct. Publishing the news of the industry, gathered from newspaper clippings and the reports of local correspondents, will not suffice. Printing pictures of prominent men in the field is a relic of newspaper training and is smiled at.

Three or four men interested in this trade paper enterprise were all graduates from the daily newspaper field. As newspaper men they'd average high. One was an editorial writer, another a political writer, a third a general assignment man with an enviable record.

But rigid as their training had been, they found a new meaning for thoroughness, they worshiped accuracy with even a more fervid devotion, when they came to appreciate the "trade paper" field.

And so the money spent in three months trying to establish an impossible paper was for the individuals involved a good investment.

All that was years ago.

\* \* \*

If I remember rightly, I got \$25 to edit a metal paper that nobody wanted.

I didn't go back to the daily newspaper—I got onto another trade paper as a sort of all-round assistant. Finally I became editor of it. I'm still on it.

I've learned a little of the romance of business—for there is romance in it. I've come to a better appreciation of values. I've gotten out of the narrow rut that many newspaper men get into—narrowest when they are most sure it's broad.

To perform editorial work on a business paper it is absolutely essential that you have the capacity for assimilating new ideas—it is essential that you have the ability to undergo special training. Nothing superficial, nothing that lacks genuineness, gets by. It's harder to make good than it is on a daily newspaper—and it pays better. The five thousand dollar men are more numerous in the business paper field than in the newspaper field. Salaries are higher generally, because more is demanded.

And here we get back to those old dreams and visions and hopes—in school and in the newspaper office. In this world there's work cut out for each man, and he's restless and useless until he finds it and does it. The world's business is a big business, and it needs taxicab drivers and college professors, and dressmakers and druggists and ship builders and poets and grocery salesmen and writers and all the long six-point list that Mr. Whitman compiled.

And it isn't of so much importance whether a fledgling college boy becomes a writer or an iron molder—the big thing is, does he spoil a good iron molder to make a poor writer, or the other way around?

Of course, by personal inclination, by

training, most men who start out to become writers will make better writers than anything else, but the danger is that they may scorn the non-writing world, forgetting that we must have steel mills and drygoods stores and pavements and factories, to make up a complete world.

And the man who makes or sells drygoods is a factor in the whole scheme, and his work is important, and if he finds his work and does it well—does it while living up to every noble ideal that he has, he is among the elect people by writers and drygoods men and mouse-trap manufacturers and all the other folks who do their jobs well.

So it was that I faltered in my quips about the business world. I had judged it by the cringers and the cheaters and the liars in it, of which there are plenty. I had banged a typewriter on the third floor and called all the first floor population time servers, while they on the first floor regarded us as posers and bootlickers and publicity seekers and scandal mongers and long-haired, Windsortied, insincere frauds—and there were those among us.

So if we may agree that a world composed completely of journalists would starve to death, that a world of grocery men would grow fat and stupid and that a world of dry goods men would be finely clothed, hungry and illiterate, we may get a glimmer of the truth that strikes every man sooner or later that life is real and dear and funny and tragic and interesting, and that literature may be funny, is often tragic, but is seldom interesting.

Any writer who is privileged to serve on the editorial staff of one of these modern, upstanding business papers need never feel like concealing the fact from his fellow man. For he will see that the editor who keeps his fingers on the pulse of any great industry, who interprets its aspirations, who works in the field with its apprentices, who sits in the laboratory beside its pioneers in research, who travels the paths of commerce with its emissaries, who clammers over its physical works, who counsels with the men who drive it, employer and employee alike—such an editor has power, world-wide influence, opportunity as broad as the planet's width.

There are no theater passes—the police badge, the review copies of latest books, that "staff correspondent" signature—the tinsel that dazzles the cub reporter—these are absent in the business paper world, replaced by the more wholesome realities of increased opportunity to serve.

On a daily newspaper a man's influence extends to a certain number of all the people; on a business paper it extends to all the people of a certain calling and through that industry, a wider influence upon mankind at large.

The editor of a business paper—of the right kind—rubs elbows with the world's doers. He learns and he teaches. In every industry he is learning, learning, learning and teaching always. He doesn't have to be an expert except as he acquires knowledge by observation. He must know enough to know what his field demands. He must know the men who know. He must make his columns a medium for the interchange of information.

On matters in his field, his columns carry the news, the reports of trade conditions, the results of experimentation, first. The newspaper follows. His columns report the doings of the doers faithfully, accurately, promptly, conservatively, devoid of all the cheap sensationalism that is the very atmosphere of



the daily newspaper office. It is not his job to give a sensational twist to every item, to serve a fancied appetite on the part of the public. It is his job to stick to the facts, but not to bury them in gloom, nor curse them with the prosaic stamp.

The hardest job the business paper editor has is to sell his reading matter to his subscribers, who have already bought it and paid for it! Sell it in the sense that he must so present it as to make them read it. Here his journalistic training comes to the rescue—here he can learn from the daily newspaper.

The business press needs the things that properly trained newspaper men can supply—the clean training, the clear-eyed vision, the alertness, the keenness, the indomitable pertinacity—all those qualities that make a successful newspaper man. It needs the high moral character, the unswerving honesty, the human sympathy, the vivid imagination, the clear vision of the trained writer.

It has high places to offer—it holds out material rewards. The high places must be earned, not with diplomas nor with letters of recommendation, but by hard work. All the general training in the world will not make a business paper editor earn his salary until he has taken off his coat, laid his prejudices to one side and dug deep into the details of the particular field of operation that he has chosen. In no other field of writing is camouflage so transparent—on no other kind of a publication are glittering generalities held in such high scorn. What is often news to a newspaper, a feature to a general magazine or the backbone of a book, is ancient history on a business paper.

For the business paper is close to man's immediate concern—the making of his bread and butter. It is a tool in his hand for chiseling his place in his industry or his profession—a practical help in solving his everyday problems, a barometer that senses the atmospheric changes in his business, a reliable crier that tells him the news of his field, an inspiration that leads him on to higher achievements. When it fails in being these things, its usefulness has passed. It becomes a parasite, a drone, a poor impotent thing that drags out a precarious and disgraceful existence.

There are in this country possibly five hundred valuable business papers, covering every trade, every profession, every industry, from the manufacture of steel to the grain and feed business; from the problems of transportation to the silk trade. The superintendent of a hospital has a paper devoted to his special interests; so has the manager of an office building, the dealer in shoe findings, the manufacturer of rubber, the refiner of oil, the miner, the baker, the maker of shipping cases, the printer, and so on—the list will cover every type and phase of modern business.

By common consent, all are termed "business papers."

Some are technical, appealing to the technically trained man, like the mining papers, the architectural papers, the chemical papers and the engineering papers.

Some are more properly "trade" papers, dealing with the merchandising problems of a particular business, appealing to the wholesalers, jobbers and retailers, like the furniture papers, certain drygoods papers, hardware papers, etc.

Still others are devoted to certain industries like general building, quarrying and some lines of manufacturing, where

the technically trained man is not the dominating factor.

Of the five hundred papers mentioned, about a hundred, including most of the strongest, form an association\* that has established certain standards of practice and in order that there may be no mistake about the principles which govern the publication of worthy business papers, these standards are reprinted here:

The publisher of a business paper should dedicate his best efforts to the cause of Business and Social Service, and to this end should pledge himself:

1. To consider, first, the interests of the subscriber.

2. To subscribe to and work for truth and honesty in all departments.

3. To eliminate, in so far as possible, his personal opinions from his news columns, but to be a leader of thought in his editorial columns and to make his criticism constructive.

4. To refuse to publish "puffs," free reading notices or paid "write-ups"; to keep his reading columns independent of advertising considerations, and to measure all news by this standard: "Is it real news?"

5. To decline any advertisement which has a tendency to mislead or which does not conform to business integrity.

6. To solicit subscriptions and advertising solely upon the merits of the publication.

7. To supply advertisers with full information regarding character and extent of circulation, including detailed circulation statements, subject to proper and authentic verification.

8. To co-operate with all organizations and individuals engaged in creative advertising work.

9. To avoid unfair competition.

10. To determine what is the highest and largest function of the field which he serves, and then to strive in every legitimate way to promote that function.

Outside of the five hundred business papers mentioned, there are perhaps 4,500 others of various degrees of worth, including the "house organs," good, bad and indifferent, that are maintained by different business organizations. Out of the 4,500, some are constantly coming to the top, increasing their efficiency, drawing their moral lines more definitely, becoming of greater real service to the business world and thus to mankind in general and getting up into the five hundred class.

Here, then, is a large field—a field of constantly growing size and increasing importance.

\* \* \*

Comforting as the thought may be that the editor is playing a big part in the world's affairs, we all of us suspect that we harbor a flash of the divine afflatus—that old ambition to write for the magazines will not down. It is one of the finest things to keep, to exercise. If the man has it in him, no amount of daily newspaper grind, no tireless application to the interests of a particular business, should rob him of the desire to shake off on occasion the trappings of his daily job and write for the pure love of writing, putting onto paper the thoughts and fancies that come to him, even though they may be unsuited to the special medium of expression that engages his principal attention.

Let no man think that work on the business paper cheats him of the inspiration or the opportunity to write as he likes—to write fiction or verse or es-

\*Associated Business Papers, Inc., Jesse H. Neal, Sec'y., 220 W. 42nd St., New York City.

say, and to sell it where he can and will. The writer who allows a business paper job, or any other job, to smother those vague longings is worthy neither of the job nor the longings. The market for his avocational writings is just as open to the business paper editor as it is to the newspaper man or the general magazine writer. The market is always there for the things that will stand the acid test. The story that comes from the business paper office has no stigma attached to it. The atmosphere of that office is what the editor makes it—it need not choke his aspirations; it should foster them. He is rubbing elbows with life. If he does his job well he is always close to fundamentals. His daily work should help him in building up his character, in adding to that rich experience upon which the writing man feeds. His everyday achievements should lift him above literature, into life, should make him uncontent with merely getting a thing published, but urge him always to write the truth, to interpret honestly the big movements of the world, to catch unfailingly the big winds that blow and to preach without fear whatever gospel he himself is converted to.

### Avalanche of Copy Is Due to W. K. Towers

NEWSPAPER editors who are swamped with copy on the war can place some of the blame upon the shoulders of Walter Kellogg Towers (Michigan '10), for as director of overseas publicity for the Y. M. C. A., he is shooting 75,000 words a day onto editorial desks or into editorial wastebaskets.

Towers went to Europe some months ago as assistant to Clarence Buddington Kelland, whose name The Saturday Evening Post put on two million tongues. Kelland, after organizing the publicity offices at 12 Rue d'Aguesseau, relinquished the directorship, Towers succeeding him.

The overseas staff includes some twenty-five persons, among whom are such particularly well known writers as Maude Radford Warren, Maximilian Foster, Katherine Mayo, Burgess Johnson and Richard Henry Little. Neysa McMein is staff artist. Not alone do they send back 75,000 words a day, dressed for publication in magazines and newspapers, but numberless photographs and occasional motion picture films. They also prepare copy for Parisian papers, French and English; assist correspondents, and publish a house organ.

Towers is burdened also with the direction of the London publicity office, where nine people are at work; and must keep his mind on a field for news whose beats run from Scotland to the tip of Italy and over to the Azores. The best he can do, he says, is to "bite in here and there, and let it go at that."

In his lighter moments, he has spent a few hours under gas in the front lines, stopped a bit of shrapnel with his tin hat, been bombed out of bed a few times, and lived with the army in the field enough to get a glimpse of war.

Towers was editor of Milestones before he accepted his present task.

Pep is offering to buy articles on what it variously terms "creative reporting," "good newspaper hoaxes," and "fakes"—though the latter expression is quite sufficiently inclusive. A betting man would place odds of about ten to one that the best story submitted will be faked.

# Links in the Evolution of the Newspaper

By James Melvin Lee

*Director of the Department of Journalism, New York University*

Journalism, as the term is commonly accepted today, has been a growth from the news letters, through the news circulars, to the newspapers. In practically every country, the evolution of the newspaper has been along the same lines. The written newspaper has always preceded the printed. Even after the invention of moveable type and of printing presses, the written sheet continued to circulate. Nor was the change to the printed page an abrupt one. Half printed and half written papers had their readers, or, to use the newspaper phrase, their subscribers.

To avoid confusion it may be said that the news letter is addressed to one individual of a group. The news circular is addressed to several selected individuals of a group. The newspaper is addressed to all individuals of a group. Whether items be written or printed does not affect the classification. The single news letter may be printed as was the case of that one which, for economy of space, was set up in type, printed, slipped between the leather cover and inner lining of a pocketbook, and carried through the army lines during the American War of the States. Everyone of the three has or had its subscription price. In the days of Imperial Rome, Antony received regular news epistles about the politics and finances of the City. The subscription price was of course the wage he paid the Greek freedman who wrote the letters. Strictly speaking, free news letters are somewhat like free daily newspapers in that both are exceptions to the rule. The former has been the more common, but the latter has been distributed for a time at various places where experiments in free journalism have been made.

As has been intimated, news letters were "published" in Rome. They began long before the days of Antony. Many a wealthy Roman away from the city—usually a politician stationed in some province—had his own correspondent who sent the kind of news his employer wanted. As time went on, the news writer, contrary to the Biblical injunction, began to serve two masters. The Roman Senate had its "press gallery" to which these correspondents were admitted through a courtesy obtained by their employers. When a writer began to send the same letter not to a single individual but to two or more he changed the news letter into a news circular. In the days when written journalism was at its height in ancient Rome, the news circular was "published" in the following way. The correspondent-in-chief wrote the letter. Then mounting a little platform, he read his items to a number of slaves who copied the words as spoken. When the reading was through, the edition was "off the pen" and was equal to the number of slaves. There is a possibility that some bold writer, cutting loose from his employer, offered his product to any one who would pay the subscription price. If so, Rome had the written newspaper. In either case, one fact should not be lost sight of: journalism in its beginning was distinctly a commercial enterprise. News

was bought and sold just like any other commodity.

Cicero and Caesar have their place in journalism as well as in the preparatory school curriculum. So far as history shows, the former was the first critic of journalism. When Cicero left Rome to act as governor of Cilicia his friend, Caelius, promised "to write a full and careful account of all that went on in the City." The latter, however, hired a professional journalist to do the work but later wrote: "If his news is not what you want, let me know for I don't want to spend my money only to bore you."

It was not what Cicero wanted, for in a letter to Caelius he said: "Do you suppose that I meant you to send an account of gladiatorial matches (sporting news), reports of adjournment of trials (court news) and such things as when I am at Rome, nobody ventures to tell me" (sensational or yellow news). Cicero did not care to read "the daily occurrences in the affairs of the State, unless there is something specially affecting myself." What he desired from the pen of his friend was "a view of the ground plan of the Republic" (political news).

Caius Julius Caesar knew the value of publicity. As far back as when he was Consul (60 B. C.) he ordered the publication of Senate Acts and discussions. These "Acta Senatus" were published on a whitened wooden board called "Album", the neuter of "Albus" which means white. In imperial days, at least as early as 29 A. D. there was an official publisher, "Curator Actorum". This news corresponded to what we get in our "Congressional Record" and contained—as our "Record" once did—the interruptions and the applause. In 60 B. C. Caesar also ordered published "in albo" the private news of general interest, "Acta Diurna Populi Romani."

The bulletin boards of the modern newspapers had their precursors in these white tablets ordered to be displayed publicly by Caesar. In New York there are men who haunt the bulletin boards of the metropolitan dailies, jot down the news displayed thereon, and later telegraph the items to the dailies in small cities which do not support so extensive a news service as that furnished by the United or the Associated Press. So in Rome, the writer of news letters or circulars copied the news published "in albo" and sent the most important items to his subscriber out of the City. Scandal was featured in "Acto Diurna" and society news, in modern fashion, was furnished by families concerned.

Not Rome, but Venice holds first place in journalism history. From the latter city we get most of the nomenclature of the modern newspaper. Here news was publicly posted as in Rome, but to read it cost, it is said, a small coin, a gazetta. Not only in Latin countries but even in America, gazette has been a favorite name for a newspaper. In the case of the thirteen original colonies, nine times out of ten the first newspaper in any one of them was a gazette. Often the price paid for a newspaper has furnished the name. Examples may be found in "The Cent" of

Philadelphia—possibly the first penny paper in America—and "The Picayune" of New Orleans. Skeat in his "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language" gives under the word "Gazette", "an abstract of news issued at Venice; the original sense is either (1) a magpie, from Italian "gazetta", whence it may have meant 'tittle-tattle'; or (2) a very small coin perhaps paid for the privilege of reading the news from Italian "gazetta," a coin less than a farthing. The reader may choose." Since the distinguished professor of Anglo-Saxon at the University of Cambridge was not quite sure about the derivation and offered a choice to his readers, it is barely possible that the two uses of the Italian "gazetta" gave the Latin news sheets their name.

Venice, like Rome, had its writers of news letters, who not only copied items officially posted, but also gathered for themselves facts about events even when they happened outside the Republic. In the latter work, they had the help of the Consular reports—then, as now, valuable sources of news. Another reason why the journalists of Venice did such good work came from the advantages afforded by the City itself. The commercial trader, ever coming and going, made it a great news center. To Venice belongs the credit of having on its Rialto the first city news association which gathered and sold items to professional correspondents.

When these writers began to add comment to facts they became less trustworthy in their reports. In Venice, but more especially in Rome, a species of yellow journalism developed. So yellow did some of these news letters become that the church had to take drastic action. Later, 1572, Pope Pius V. issued a Papal Bull in which he called attention to the injuries inflicted by these writings and added that all penalties recorded in temporal and ecclesiastical law would be newly and strictly enforced so that nobody should write the news letters, "Lettere d'Avvisi." A severe penalty, "even death and confiscation of property," would be inflicted according to the degree of the offence and the rank of the offender.

But the news writing did not cease for Pope Gregory XIII. had to issue still another Bull. The latter is even more interesting in a historical way. In brief, it said: "There have arisen in Rome people unduly curious who ferret out public and private business or sometimes invent such news and spread truth and falsehood alike. This has now become a trade or profession (ars). People are even paid for sending this news and hearsay reports anonymously everywhere. They even send news abroad from Rome and then spread it again in Rome as having come from abroad. They sell this news here. Since the evils arising from this news are many, we forbid the getting of this news, its acceptance and dissemination. Offenders shall be sent to the galleys, either for life or for a term without hope of a pardon. Any one who receives such news must inform the Governor of Rome and hand it over to him



under the same penalty. This Bull shall leave all former laws about the same crime in full force." Any one who reads this Bull must be impressed by the way news was made in the days of Gregory XIII. Yellow journalism, in spite of what many writers say, is not an American invention.

The history of journalism in London is much the same as that in Rome. Men of wealth lived only four or five months in London, spending the rest of the year in the country. Yet while away from the city they wanted to know doings of Court and the gossip of the coffee-houses and of St. Paul's church. To get this news, they hired professional letter writers to send them the most important happenings by post. One of the best of the early English News Mongers was Nathaniel Butter. So well did he give his subscribers the kind of news they wanted in his "Weekly Newes" that he is entitled to be called founder of the English Press.

In this connection, it may be noted that among the English State papers there is a memorandum, dated 1622, to Sir Thomas Wilson. It is a plea for license to print the "Gazette" or "Weekly Occurrences" which we shall get from other parts. A reason given for the establishment of a British "News Book" was to find "a speedy and ready way whereby to disburse into all the veins of the whole body of a State such matter as may best temper and be most agreeable to the disposition of the head and princip'e members upon all occasions that shall afford." This memorandum was written just one year before Butter brought out "The Weekly Newes."

Of the epistolary newspapers, possibly Germany has the best collection preserved in museums and libraries. As early as 1560 there were in that country several bureaus in as many places for the gathering of news and selling it by letter to regular subscribers. By 1600 what might be called written newspapers were appearing in Italy, Germany, France and England.

Even after news items were printed, often the paper appeared with one page blank for the insertions by pen of the latest happenings. Today, a somewhat similar condition obtains; some unimportant item of news is often put on the first page of the paper on the chance that if something big occurs the item may be removed and its space filled with the account of the more important event, which is usually printed in red ink.

Strange to say, the evolution of the printed news-letter was much more rapid in China than in any other country. For some reason, China has never received full credit for its inventions. In the case of the printed sheet, its record is most remarkable. It wasted no time, by printing removable type, but jumped at once from the hand written letter to the impression from a wooden block. Some bright writer who sent out the imperial edicts evidently thought he would shorten his labors if he pasted a hand written transparent sheet face downward on a hard wooden block and then cut away the wood save where the black marks of the Chinese characters showed; then when the raised part of the block was inked by a brush he produced a print-written sheet by simply placing the block down on a piece of paper. "The Pekin Gazette"—probably the first official newspaper in the world—was once printed in this way.

One of my Chinese students, whose father owned a print-shop in China, told me that his father still followed this method in printing certain cheap books. Incidentally, it may be said that such a method saves the printer a lot of trouble

for the proof reader cannot, as in America, be blamed for mistakes. If there are any errors in the printed sheet, the author is at fault for "copy" has literally been followed.

In tracing the history of journalism one occasionally runs across a reversion to primitive type, namely to the oral or spoken newspaper. In Paris for a century or more there were men who related the news of the day at certain public places. As time went on they made a practice of getting together at regular intervals for the exchange of news and the adoption of what might be considered an editorial policy in their comment on politics. As late as 1850 America had the related newspapers in some of the mining camps of the west. The man who had been sent away for supplies had to mount a stump upon his return and tell "the boys" the news. Occasionally, some man would bring a newspaper—usually purchased at astonishing price—which he would read to the crowd before giving the local gossip. The spoken newspaper probably reached its highest development in some of the mountain towns of Switzerland. In Champéry, unless there has been a recent change, the spoken newspaper may still be found. After mass on Sunday, the news-teller publishes from what was once an open-air pulpit, not only the events of the week, but also the "classified ads" of "For Sale", "Lost and Found", "Produce Wanted With Prices", etc. Sunday may have its spoken as well as its printed medium of news.

The newspaper in America passed through the same various steps which have been outlined in connection with the evolution in other countries. At the beginning of the eighteenth century John Campbell was postmaster at Boston. Upon the arrival of vessels in Boston he regularly wrote news letters to the governors of the English colonies outside of Massachusetts. Others wanted this news service. The printed "Weekly Newes" had filled a want in England. So he established "The Boston News-Letter" in 1704. This was the first American newspaper, though a precursor may be found in "Publick Occurrences," a news sheet of one issue brought out by Benjamin Harris in 1690.

Campbell gave his subscribers what they wanted by way of news. When six pirates were executed on Friday, June 30, 1704, he issued the first "extra" in America. In it he featured the exhortation to the malefactor and the prayer made by one of the ministers after the pirates were on the scaffold "as near as it could be taken in writing in the great crowd." "The News Letter" survived until the British evacuated Boston in the days of the Revolution. Some of its last issues were the most sensational in their contents that have ever appeared in America. No modern newspaper would dare to use such language as may be found in the items of the numbers just mentioned. Again positive proof is furnished that yellow journalism did not originate in the nineteenth century.

What put the news in newspapers was the invention of the electric telegraph by Professor Samuel F. B. Morse of New York University. What made the large edition possible was the putting of the type on a revolving cylinder by R. H. Hoe and then running the press by steam engine or electric motor. Mergenthaler found a way to set type with the speed of a typewriter. The discovery of a way to manufacture paper from wood pulp reduced the price of news print per pound from six cents to one. All these, however, are recent links in the evolution of the newspaper.

As the Republic grew in population,

the number of groups of individuals multiplied. As each group had to have its newspaper, struggling sheets grew in strength if not in wisdom. Publishing newspapers is today much like publishing school textbooks; there must be some which appeal to those in the primer stage and others which appeal to the educated public. The relation existing between journalism and the three R's of Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic is much closer than most people think. There is a smile and also a serious thought to be found in a notice posted in a New Jersey tavern of Colonial days: "Persons learning to read will please use last week's newspaper." The introduction of the study of newspapers into the public school will do much to correct the worst faults of modern journalism. Bring up a child to read the right kind of a newspaper and when he is old he will read no other. But that is another story.

The first word about a newspaper must be our last. The term was first used, according to the best information obtainable, in 1670. It appears in a letter addressed to Charles Perrit, the second editor of "The Oxford Gazette": "I wanted your neues paper Monday last post."

### The Censorship of the Press

(Continued from page 3)

while we have crushed it out. Thus George Lansbury has printed his labor *Herald* from the beginning of the war without let or hindrance, calling Lloyd George every conceivable name, declaring the war to be unworthy and capitalistic, denouncing it from first to last, and demanding peace, immediate peace, at all times, even urging the people to "rise up and refuse to allow this madness to go on." Mr. Lansbury would have been allowed to publish just about one issue in this country and then would have gone to jail for about forty years on the absurd charge of interfering with the draft. Postmaster General Burleson declared at the beginning of the war that any newspaper which called this a capitalistic war would be suppressed and Woodrow Wilson, the avowed liberal in the White House, not only did not call for his immediate resignation, but permitted the author of that sentiment to contro! our press, to bully it, to destroy part of it and to bring great discredit upon the country.

The first thing that liberals everywhere must do is to demand the repeal of the Espionage Act and of the censorship provisions which give Mr. Burleson his powers. Else may the voice of the country be mute during the peace negotiations.

### Your Assignment

Lines of communication between The Quill and members of the fraternity have been sadly disrupted as a result of the war. Failure of subscribers to furnish changes of address, or even to notify the postoffice of such changes, has, been particularly trying.

The editor of The Quill will appreciate any effort on the part of readers which will improve the situation. You have a blanket assignment to send news of yourself and your acquaintances of Sigma Delta Chi, for the columns of the magazine.

# Advertising Your Own Newspaper\*

By H. F. Harrington

Director of Courses in Journalism, University of Illinois

A seer once asserted that if a man could preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor the world would beat a path to his door, though he live in the depths of the wilderness. Translated into a crisp business maxim this might read: "A superior article needs no salesman." What a lazy man's philosophy!

Unfortunately, like many cleverly phrased epigrams, it is only half true. The preacher who delivers a great sermon must find a messenger to tell the world about it, else it is known only to himself and to his meagre flock; that wonderful mousetrap might easily fall to pieces unnoticed in the inventor's garret unless somebody proclaims its excellence from the housetops.

This age does not canonize the modest violet. It believes in bold, aggressive, ceaseless publicity. If a Good Thing is to forge its way into public esteem all the winning art of advertising must be utilized in making the Good Thing known, then wanted. Printers' ink, liberally applied, is responsible for a good share of our shining business success. The wise promoter employs the silent voice of the magazine and newspaper to bring the superiority of his wares speedily to the attention of the multitude.

And yet despite the blazing fact that skillful advertising is the magic wand of trade, despite the fact that every newspaper man can see for himself the hive of industry reared by the very publicity he sells, somehow the newspaper as a commodity has seldom been advertised in an intelligent, persuasive way. Its producer has sold his product as a huckster sells strawberries. He has not confided to the public the good points of his mousetrap.

You may explain this curious shortsightedness as you will; the fact remains. I believe that here is a neglected opportunity which all newspaper publishers may easily turn to their own advantage, if only they relinquish the ancient fetish that a paper sells itself.

It is because of a conviction that a newspaper thrives when methods to popularize it are skillfully employed, that I am setting down a few methods which may be applied with profit.

Our first endeavor is to etch the name and personality of our newspaper deeply into the minds of present readers and of others who may become readers if properly approached. Both classes are worth cultivation.

At first blush it may seem that all the ends of name publicity are accomplished by the newspaper's own first page heading and by the editorial flag. But these, through constant use in conventional settings, have long since lost their novelty. They do not lend themselves to variety of treatment, and are seldom given close scrutiny. Other mediums must be sought to shock men and women into attention and interest.

Billboards, score-boards, picture-show screens, theatre programs, theatre ticket envelopes, offer a chance to display the name of the newspaper, with the addition of short, catchy information relating to it. This method was splendidly utilized when Franklin P. Adams, the column conductor, left The New York

Evening Mail to write "The Conning Tower" for The New York Tribune. The giant letters F. P. A. shouted from the billboards and from the Elevated stations, carrying the news that his stuff now appeared exclusively in The Tribune. His personal popularity was capitalized and an opportunity seized to advertise the newspaper he served. It was good sale talk.

The recent announcement, published broadcast, that Theodore Roosevelt had become a national reporter for The Kansas City Star, and that William Howard Taft, another former President of the United States, was serving as a contributing editor for The Philadelphia Public Ledger, aroused keen interest throughout the country and doubtless attracted many thousands of new readers to both papers. It was admirable publicity founded on real worth.

Nothing advertises a paper so satisfactorily as distinctive features that give it personality. If you are fortunate enough to have some "headliners"—it may be a special sports service for the world's series championship—talk about them, not alone in your own columns but by posted bulletins, streetcar signs, and window placards. Adopt any publicity medium that focuses attention on your "star talent" and on your paper. Sometimes a boxed announcement on Friday of special offerings to appear in Sunday's magazine section will increase sales, although it should be noted that relatively few new readers are thus obtained. A better method is to secure the cooperation of neighboring newspapers read by strangers you seek to interest. When Jack Lait, featured as the "Second O. Henry," signed a contract to produce a short story for The Chicago Tribune every week, the fact was pulpited, with Lait's picture and some laudatory paragraphs about him, in many small city dailies within a radius of 150 miles of Chicago. He has a tremendous vogue in The Tribune territory, in part established by his previous work on The Chicago Herald.

I am glad to see The Christian Science Monitor, an international daily newspaper with an unexampled foreign news service and a consistent news policy that omits the sensational, has undertaken to advertise itself in a number of magazines and newspapers. The Monitor has had a limited, but enthusiastic, clientele. It deserves a large following, and it will make new friends as soon as people become more familiar with its striking qualities. Many another newspaper might undertake a similar campaign to educate the public mind on the new standards in journalism. The trade publication, which gives a direct audience with foreign advertising agents and brothers in the craft, should be utilized when you have some striking facts to present about your paper.

Still another method to freshen the memory of readers lies in the adoption of a slogan printed under the first page heading or at the top of the editorial page. If it is live, quotable, and human it will become an enduring trademark.

If an apt phrase like "Hammer the Hammer," "It Floats," "His Master's Voice," "Eventually, Why Not Now?" is able to popularize a product and bring a fortune to its manufacturers, why should

not judicious use of a similar catch phrase mean better business for a newspaper? The words, "All the News That's Fit to Print," "It Shines for All," "The Paper with a Heart and Soul," instantly recall newspapers that have made such slogans famous.

The "Fifty-Fifty" slogan formerly used by The Columbus (O.) Evening Monitor, had a threefold merit, viz: (1) it could be remembered easily, (2) it represented the paper's ideal percentage of news and advertising, (3) it was the Monitor's telephone number on both office switchboards. This crisp shibboleth identified and personalized the paper.

If you haven't a slogan start a prize contest among your readers for the selection of one—The Louisville Courier-Journal and Times got a horde of suggestions in this way—and then use it with all the inventiveness at your command.

The readers of The Chicago Tribune dubbed it "The World's Greatest Newspaper," a trade-mark worth a tidy sum to the publishers of The Chicago Tribune. You may not endorse this slogan, but the challenge lingers in your memory.

And while you are at it see that the newsboy advertises your paper aright. "Paper! Paper!" may mean a dozen papers; the vagueness encourages substitution. If the boy cries Evening Sun or Morning Star he has helped to make your paper a more familiar catch-word. Instruct him also to cry your specific news "smashes." Does his paper pouch proclaim what publication he carries?

Incidentally, have you tested the publicity value of calendars, with your imprint, distributed to subscribers at Christmas by your carrier boys?

Is your stationery of the usual characterless sort? It may be utilized to advertise your business. A small reproduction of the first page heading, a reduced facsimile of a section of your first page, the slogan prominently displayed, a neat sticker at holiday time to carry greetings, some pertinent facts about your city for the back of the envelope—all these are worth dollars and cents to any publisher. Instead of those ugly wrappers made from soiled sheets and old exchanges, try sending your "singles" in clean white wrappers, with The Pittsburgh Press—for instance—conspicuously printed in the left-hand corner. It makes the reader feel more kindly toward your particular newspaper. A rubberstamped "Marked Copy" is also invaluable in calling attention to an item with a personal application. Such publicity given non-subscribers will make them your friends for life.

Of course, your principal business as a newspaper-maker is to gather and print the news. This is your chief obligation and your success will be determined on how you satisfy your patrons' needs. To be popular the paper must be newsy.

But there is many an extra service that you may offer which will bring ready response. The bulletin reports offered at the time of a spirited election, the up-to-the-minute publication of "extras" in the stir of exciting news developments, the collection of funds from readers to support, say, the Good Fellow Movement at Christmas time, generous space given to appeals from the Red

\*This article was contributed also to The National Printer-Journalist.



Cross, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Government, a willingness to boost every good cause in which the public is interested, will bring you a popularity that no sensational device can possibly achieve.

It is this continuous, whole-hearted service, year in and year out—the plus, if you please—that instills that public confidence which is the newspaper's greatest stock in trade.

While the prize contest has been of value in the past in popularizing a newspaper, I believe there is a decided reaction against it today. Not only has the Government frowned upon it, but the dissatisfaction of contestants and their friends has given many a well-intentioned newspaper a bad repute. The interest in the paper that floats such a contest is too often an artificial one and apt to die out when the contest is over. The enormous expense, space and effort necessary to swing such a proposition are seldom commensurate with results secured.

The popularity of the moving picture has opened up a new avenue to the newspaper eager to attract new readers. The serial story-movie, printed on the woman's page day by day, simultaneously with the showing of the film in a photoplay house, has proved a successful feature. Increased advertising revenue and newspaper publicity by way of the screen have been byproducts of the scheme.

Every progressive publisher should endeavor to find out how his newspaper is liked by his readers, who are his silent partners. Solicitors may be sent from house to house, wherever the paper is

distributed, with a questionnaire that records the departments in the paper that are most relished by subscribers. These discoveries are invaluable in sensing the needs of readers, and as a guide for the future conduct of the paper.

Don't keep these estimates about your journal for your own staff. Take your readers into confidence; tell them you are making a paper to suit them and that you value their cooperation. A display "ad" or a little booklet, distributed widely, will give the paper constructive publicity. The Indianapolis News made such tests and the results were intensely interesting. In brief they were as follows, as printed in a large announcement: A census of 1,000 subscribers—500 in Indianapolis and 500 out-of-town—showed the order of their likes in the city as: 1. Local News; 2. Display Advertising; 3. Classified Advertising; 4. Foreign News; 5. Editorials; 6. Sports and Amusements; 7. Weather; 8. Markets; 9. Cartoons; 10. Features. In the country the results were: 1. State News; 2. Display Advertising; 3. Markets; 4. Weather; 5. Classified Advertising; 6. Editorials; 7. Foreign News; 8. Sports and Amusements; 9. Cartoons; 10. Features.

Such a classification enables a managing editor to concentrate his efforts on the stuff that pulls, and also to adopt some plan for building up or eliminating departments that bring only weak reactions. Such a scientific study is worth a thousand of dollars to any publisher who will profit by it.

A spirit of blow-and-bluster is apt to bring the kind of publicity you do not

crave. If your paper accomplishes a reform or is victorious in a campaign you injure your cause by singing loudly your own praises in news story and editorial column. "We killed the bear" seldom convinces anyone; it generally results in amusement. The reward will be yours if you do not trumpet your achievements too blatantly.

I doubt if anything of permanent value is to be gained by browbeating a competitor. Comparative circulation and advertising figures which prove that yours is the leading newspaper in the field generally engender bad feeling and spur the paper across the street into renewed efforts. In some instances all the papers have lost money because of senseless cutthroat competition and foolish boasting. Cooperation is the life of business. Help the other fellow. Some day he'll do you a good turn. A group of united newspapers can move mountains; separated and antagonistic they are as a team of wild horses.

So adopt sane methods to advertise your newspaper in a dignified, forceful, constructive way. Encourage people to talk about it in a wholesome vein. Plan novel, unexpected stunts to popularize the name at the masthead. Take an active, personal interest in city affairs and urge all the men associated with you to do likewise. Erect an electric sign on your office building to show that your vigilance never sleeps. Keep busy.

And then will the number of the cylinders on your motor-car increase from year to year.

## Chasing the Art

By the Cub

A photograph is an intimate thing. And when the original of the photograph lies eternally asleep somewhere in France, with only a rude wooden cross to mark his last resting place, that bit of sensitized paper becomes a thousand times more intimate and precious to its possessor. Often there remains only a single one of the likenesses in the household, showing some square-jawed, broad-shouldered American still in the first flush of pride over his recently acquired khaki.

To the cub who has not yet risen above the task of "chasing art," his daily visits to the homes of the city, following the publication of each casualty list, is fraught with opportunities for observation and thought. The location of the house, the neighborhood in which it stands, his reception at the door, and the photograph itself admit of few repetitions. There is always some new feature springing up in connection with each assignment. This fact and another—that the cub has not been in the game long enough to acquire that blasé attitude which characterizes the older newspaperman—enables him to divest the incidents attendant on this particular kind of picture chasing of some of their monotonous drabness, and to see a bit of the tragedy which each name on the casualty list causes in each individual home.

Generally, the telegrams from the War Department, advising of death or injury have preceded him by several days, sometimes by weeks, and the first wave of grief is past. This emotion has given way to a deep-rooted feeling of pride. Out in the Polish district, where the sights and sounds and smells of crowded humanity approach the sordid

or the pitiable, and up on the elm-shaded avenue where the silent high powered limousines and touring cars skim past the palaces of stucco and stone—wherever the service flag hangs, whether that flag be the bit of felt from the neighboring "five-and-ten" or a delicate silken banner—the feeling of pride is there. Mothers who came over in the steerage with "the boy" a baby at their breasts, and mothers who proudly trace the lineage of their sons back to their venturesome ancestors of Mayflower time—all seem to stand upon the same exalted plane, brought into unity by the commonness of their sacrifice.

If the cub has chased pictures of another sort, he can not help but feel the contrast in demeanor which attends the giving of the casualty photograph to the reporter. I recall the drowning of three foreigners—two men and a woman—which occurred during the hottest part of the summer. It was just one of those little family excursions of a quiet Sunday afternoon, to a popular point on the lake shore. The merry party, not one of whom could swim, had sought the cooling waters of the lake, and while they splashed about, something happened. Ignorant of a sudden shelving away of the shore, they had plunged into a pit and were engulfed. Only one of the party of four was saved. She had seen her husband, brother, and sister-in-law drowned. I had to get the "art." I knew that I was on the right street when within half a block of the house. The weeping and wailing of the women proclaimed their grief. They knew nothing—nothing. No, there were no pictures. Yes, there was a picture somewhere but they couldn't look for it now. Would I come back tomorrow—next week? I left them. Perhaps this is an extreme case. Nevertheless it will serve to show the contrast between securing a picture when the newsgatherer comes close upon the heels of tragedy like some unclean and ill-omened vulture, and when the little slip of yellow paper from the office of the adjutant-general has preceded him.

And it is not merely because the soldier's family has had time to assuage its grief. Sometimes the picture chaser, armed with the latest casualty list, is himself the first bearer of ill tidings. He is met at the door. He explains his mission. For a moment there is silence. Then someone is called from the interior of the house. There are a few whispered words. Then he is told to come in. A woman gives him the photograph he seeks. She tries to speak naturally and even smiles once. She gives the boy's age, tells you when he enlisted, when he sailed, his company and regiment. But all the while—in another room—perhaps rocking to and fro on the little cane chair in the crowded kitchen where the forgotten dinner steams on the stove—or upstairs, lying across a snowy bedspread, a woman is weeping silently, and after the door has closed behind you, there'll be two of them—mother and sister, or mother and wife, each trying vainly to comfort the other. But they are brave little women—these who greet the chaser of pictures. The staunchest old grenadier to face the thunder at Malplaquet, and the war-marked hero of the Marne may well stand aside and doff their battered helmets when these brave hearts go passing by. They have given what they held dearest. His likeness?

(Concluded on Page 15)

# THE QUILL

A quarterly magazine, devoted exclusively to the interests of journalists engaged in professional work and of young men studying journalism in American colleges and universities.

Official publication of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic fraternity.

LEE A. WHITE, Editor.

CARL H. GETZ, Associate Editor.

Editorial and business offices at 99 Maidenstone street, Detroit, Michigan.

OCTOBER, 1919

## The Impeccable Historian

PROFESSORS of history have, for years, found diversion in ragging students of journalism because of the ephemeral nature of the history they were being trained to write. Usually, the combatants (where retort was permissible) were ill-matched, and the student drew off from the fray discomfited. But henceforth, if the undergraduate is sensible of his opportunity, the blush will be upon the pedagogic cheek.

Wherever historical texts are printed, there is a rumbling of presses over revised editions of "standard" works, and many an author is sweating over proofs in an endeavor to lend verisimilitude to a new statement of the "facts" of history. The much-twisted lion's tail must be bandaged. Germany must be expelled from the Kind Words Club. Little unpleasantnesses with France must be forgotten. The very birth of the United States must be repictured.

One publisher writes in an irate tone to answer a patriotic critic of a book from his presses. The critic, says the man of commerce, was stupid; he was referring to an edition published in 1912, whereas there is a new one out now that could offend none other than a Teuton. Presto! As simple as correcting a story twixt noon and home editions.

If it takes historians a century to approximate the truth (under pressure of the public's righteous indignation), how culpable is the newspaper man who slips occasionally in his record of the day's events.

## Mine and Thine

THE sins that are imputed to the press are numerous; happily, it is innocent of most of these; or, at least, it can cite circumstances in mitigation of its offenses. No substantial case has been made out, however, for the meanest of literary offenders, the plagiarists; and they abound in newspaper offices.

So far as "grapevine" and miscellany are concerned, few can come into court with clean hands. The papers which freely credit the sources of their reprint are so few as to be conspicuous; and those which resent the foraging of exchange editors are treated as egotistical scolds whose wishes are to be respected only when the copyright laws are invoked.

Metropolitan papers, possessed of ample editorial staffs, seldom go beyond the purloining of news and feature stories. It remains for the country and small city newspapers, and occasional struggling city weeklies to pirate the ideas of their more competent brethren; and skilful employment of shears and pastebrush has given more than one provincial publisher high repute in his community for the Jovian utterances of his editorial columns.

One need not seek beyond The Christian

Science Monitor for evidence of this common perversion. Each day, the leading paragraph in its "Notes and Comments" column is devoted to the pillorying of the pickpockets of the press. The defendants of a single week are illustrative of the prevalence of plagiarism: The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette, The Jacksonville (Ill.) Courier, The Corning (N. Y.) Leader, The Astoria (Ore.) Evening Budget, The Davenport (Ia.) Democrat and Leader, and Portland (Ore.) Spectator.

The Monitor caustically suggests that The Gazette obtain a dictionary which contains the words "meum" and "tuum"; a pat and sufficient lesson in the proprieties of journalism. In time, The Monitor's comments might supply enough material to persuade delinquent faculties that courses in editorial writing, as well as ethics, are worthy of any college curriculum, and sadly needed.

## A Significant Bequest

BY the terms of the will of the late William James Murphy, publisher of The Minneapolis Tribune, the major portion of his estate, estimated to be worth a million dollars, will go to the University of Minnesota, to be kept in a separate fund, known as "The W. J. Murphy Endowment Fund for School of Journalism." This fund will come into the hands of the university not later than 1938, and earlier, should his widow and three children die before that time.

Minnesota's opportunity is as vast as the plains which bred her, and fulfillment of the wholesome dreams of Western teachers of journalism is in prospect. Doubtless, in the absence of such restrictive terms as were included in the Pulitzer bequest to Columbia University, much emphasis will be laid upon business as well as editorial phases of newspaper and magazine production. There is the further likelihood that much attention will be given to the rural weekly and small city daily, types of publication that have occasioned more concern in Western schools of journalism than Eastern; and justifiably so, considering the differing distribution of publication, and relative importance of small communities.

But what a different institution the press may be twenty years hence! What, then, will the instructor in the history of the profession be saying of the significant movement now under way in the wheat country tributary to Minneapolis, where two score newspapers are capitalized and operated by a multitude of farmer members of the Non-Partisan League? Certainly a new type of country newspaper is in the making, however long it is to endure.

## Don't Quit Cold

COME through, men in school. We understand your new military obligations. We have no special requests to make—but we must get in touch with you. Look at the list of chapter secretaries in this issue. This list represents the national organization's latest data. That it is inadequate is attested by the return of many letters addressed to chapter officials.

The war approaches its close. Demobilization may be slow, but it will come. Peace threads must be taken up, including Sigma Delta Chi. The fields of journalism will call again and the fraternity will help you anew. But, in the meantime, we must keep in touch with men in school. We must make plans for continuing the membership. We want no chapter to lose itself en-

tirely in the war. We know that basically conditions are good.

But we can't get in touch with you. Barracks have usurped fraternity addresses. Help us out. Come through with complete information and a statement of your plans.

Do it now. Address Kenneth C. Hogue, Detroit News, Detroit.

## Tickling Headquarters

THE merriest publication that has come out of the pockmarked fields of France and fallen on the desk of The Quill is Headquarters Herald, "published by the men at General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, France," and edited by Dan C. Sowers, Army Field Clerk, a member of Oregon chapter of Sigma Delta Chi. You may sample it at a franc a copy.

The magazine consists of twelve three-column pages and a cover, and in line with the paper conservation program equally well known to newspaper men at home and overseas, the cover is packed with cartoons and reading matter, as well as the body. If any considerable portion of it is intended to be taken seriously the editor has tricked his readers back home.

Librarians who endeavor to complete their files of this historic publication are bound to be perplexed. The issue for August was No. 3 or Vol. 1., and had been preceded by but one number. "Some chap with a great amount of initiative," the editor explains, "in order to save the editorial staff the trouble of raising Cain with the business managers for not getting the sheet off the press sooner, moved the edition up a notch and threw 'Vol. 1—No. 2' at the top of the mast, when it should have been tagged 'Vol. 1—No. 1.'" So the error has been perpetuated.

There must be bristol board and zinc to spare in France, for the magazine is generously illustrated; and the "art" is of a very high order.

## The Stars and Strips

(Continued from page 4)

Stripes by caricaturing the American editor in a pillory for liars. Few Hun blundering schemes have caused as much guffawing as that wheeze.

Not only the morale is braced up by the paper, but all the utilitarian motives held in view by editors of most good publications are manifest. Numerous campaigns for relief funds are boosted in the columns. Full bulletin service of home news and of important general orders is brought home. Campaigns to prevent information of importance from reaching the enemy are waged. Policy stories, tactfully suggesting economy and the best in American character, appear. The paper does not preach, but somehow the moral effect is noticeable.

In conclusion, one might decry the lack of flocks of minor publications among Americans in France. Certainly more actual practice in writing would be established thus. The Stars and Stripes hasn't room for a hundredth part of the manuscripts submitted to it. But, like all other things, journalism in the A. E. F. is on a magnificently colossal scale, authentic and satisfying, and saving of time and energy for the one doughboy objective—"Hell, Heaven or Hoboken, Damned Quick."



# Sigma Delta Chi in Khaki

**L**ouis H. Seagrave (Washington) has met with rapid advancement since being commissioned first lieutenant of infantry at the Presidio and attached to F Co., 13th Regiment, U. S. Infantry. He is now Major Seagrave, and has been assigned to the 21st Infantry, stationed at Camp Kearney, Calif. He is the third member of the fraternity of whose advancement to a majority The Quill has been advised.

Robert C. Lowry (Purdue), National President of Sigma Delta Chi, has taken unto himself new honors and a wife. He has been commissioned captain of infantry, and his labors have been extended from publicity officer of the 90th Division to camp publicity officer. He was married July 3, to Miss Leta A. Skiles, of Dallas, Texas. Mrs. Lowry is a graduate of the University of Texas and of the National Park Seminary at Washington, D. C. She has been a leader in Red Cross and Y. W. C. A. work in her home city, a member of the Winsorian Dramatic Club and of the Delta Delta Delta sorority.

Prof. Frederick E. Tarman (Oklahoma) left the journalistic faculty of the University of Oklahoma to enter service in the Intelligence Department at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Robert Clayton (Ohio), who resigned as National Treasurer of Sigma Delta Chi on entering service, is in F Co., 68th Inf., Camp Sheridan, Ala., and is allowed to play the cornet that won him distinction, if not fame, at Ohio State.

Pat Dowling (Stanford '16), delegate to the last national convention, and since his graduation an apostle of publicity in the hire of the movie producers, is at the U. S. Submarine Base, San Pedro, Calif., anxiously and expectantly awaiting assignment to a destroyer. He shipped as a yeoman, 1st class.

E. Ross Bartley, a charter member of Indiana chapter, is assistant night editor in the Washington, D. C., offices of the Associated Press, after years of wandering as a press association man.

James L. Devlin (Michigan), lately of the staff of The Detroit News, is, in his own words, "manicuring horses" at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga. He is in the Headquarters Co., 116th Field Artillery. He writes for Trench and Camp, and for two Macon papers, betimes.

Conrad N. Church (Michigan '17) was stationed at Toul during the elimination of the St. Mihiel salient. He is with a provisional ordnance unit, and his latest address is Pvt. Conrad N. Church, 447375; 1st Army Ammunition & Artillery Park; Via A. P. O. 784, American E. F., via New York. Church is a brother of F. N. Church, national secretary of Sigma Delta Chi, and was formerly assistant state editor of the Detroit News.

C. Bryant MacDougall (Washington '17) is a student flier at the U. S. Naval Air Station, Miami, Fla. He was the first University of Washington student to go through the ground school on the university campus.

George Pierrot (Washington), senior in journalism, was called from the S. A. T. C. with twenty-five other men to go to the officers' training camp at Fort McArthur, Texas.

Among the honorary members of Washington chapter who are with the military are Colonel C. B. Blethen, editor of The Seattle Times, and F. A. Hazeltine, editor and publisher of The South

Bend Journal. Colonel Blethen has been detailed to Washington, D. C., to take charge of a recently created department of interior liaison in heavy artillery. Mr. Hazeltine entered "Y" service with the expectation of going to France, but has been assigned to the American Lake camp, and makes up Trench and Camp in the offices of The Tacoma Ledger.

Matthew O'Connor (Washington), formerly on The Seattle Star, has been commissioned a lieutenant and detailed as adjutant at the base hospital at Camp Fremont, Calif.

Paul T. Motsinger and H. Allen McMahon, of Purdue Chapter, are in the Navy. McMahon is, or was recently, at the Municipal Pier, Chicago, in training.

Carl H. Getz (Washington), formerly editor of The Quill, who left the publicity bureau of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. to enlist as a private in the Marine Corps, has been recommended for admission to the non-commissioned officers' school at Paris Island, and expects, on concluding the brief course, to apply for admission to the officers' training camp at Quantico, Va.

P. E. Reed (Purdue) has been commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry, and assigned to Camp Taylor, Ky.

William Huffman (Beloit) has been commissioned second lieutenant in field artillery, and is now stationed at Camp Jackson, South Carolina. Earlier in the war he saw duty in France as an ambulance.

Otis Miller (Texas) is in the infantry at Camp Travis, Texas.

Ralph H. Niece (DePauw, '14), advertising manager of The Oklahoma News, Oklahoma City, has enrolled in the Naval Auxiliary Reserve.

Anthony S. Corbiere (Washington, '18), who left college to enter the training camp for ambulance drivers at Allentown, Pa., in the summer of 1917, is now a sergeant attached to U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 67, at Mesves Hospital Center, A. P. O. 798, France. While at Allentown Corbiere, who is a native of France, was an instructor in French with the rank of corporal. Overseas, however, he is in direct charge of 28 non-coms. and 170 privates, and has enjoyed his work so much that he has waived an opportunity to try for a commission.

Jack Beall (Texas), who was editor-elect of The Longhorn Magazine, entered the officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan and was commissioned second lieutenant in infantry.

Joe Meredith (DePauw) is now at Cleveland, training as a seaman in the Naval Auxiliary Reserve for the course which will lead him to Pelham Bay and an ensign's stripe.

Lieut. Conger Reynolds (Iowa), former instructor in journalism in the University of Iowa, is on the staff of General Pershing in France. He is in the intelligence service.

W. Earl Hall (Iowa), former editor of The Daily Iowan, is in Camp Dodge. He is awaiting orders to go to an officers' training camp.

Julian S. Elfenbein (Texas) is a sergeant in the Army Intelligence Police, and is stationed at McAllen, Texas.

James Claypool (DePauw) has enlisted in the Marine Corps and is now stationed at League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia.

Lieut. Emil Edward Hurja (Washington), who resigned as secretary to Re-

presentative Sulzer, of Alaska, to enter the Spruce Production Division, Bureau of Aircraft Production, U. S. A., is an editor again. He has quit the woods of the Pacific Northwest and is at headquarters of the Puget Sound district, 317 Pioneer Bldg., Seattle, editing On the Wing, a weekly newspaper for the spruce harvesters of the army. It is a snappy four-page publication that aims not only to serve the men in uniform, but to acquaint the folks back home with their war work. Lieut. Hurja has had a number of years' experience in Seattle and Alaskan newspaper offices. Incidentally, he was one of Henry Ford's guests on the peace ship.

Emmett F. Riordan (Montana) is training for a commission in the infantry at the Central Officers' Training School, at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill. He is in Co. B, First Battalion. Riordan was among the first Montanans to enlist, but failed in his attempt to obtain a commission in aviation. He transferred later to the infantry.

Andrew J. Eldred (Washington), who left the Washington, D. C., bureau of the International News Service to go in for aviation, is flying in the cadet school at the U. S. Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Fla. He spent some time in training at the ground school at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Bruce C. Hopper (Montana), who is flying in France, recently registered with the American University Union, 8 Rue de Richelieu, Paris.

Clarence K. Streit (Montana), delegate to the last national convention of Sigma Delta Chi, was recently transferred from the engineers to the intelligence department, and advanced to a sergeancy in infantry. The Quill has not been informed as to where he is stationed.

Service in France does not necessarily insure escape from a swivel chair. Paul Neill (Washington) managed to get over seas, after training at American Lake, Wash., but was assigned to a flat top desk at general headquarters where he is privileged to see, even if not to mess with General Pershing. He is a sergeant major, Co. A, Hq. Bn., G. H. Q., A. P. O. 706, American Expeditionary Forces, France.

Though provided with all the thrills that accompany service in naval aviation, Zean Gassman (Illinois) thinks chasing local's on a newspaper back home would brighten his life. He is at the U. S. Naval Air Station, Pauillac, Gironde, France; and would not be surprised if that continued to be his address for the duration of the war.

Robert T. McDonald (Michigan '18), Spencer Clark, Jr., (Michigan '19) and James Schermerhorn, Jr., (Michigan '18) are all attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as students of naval aviation in the ground school. McDonald was formerly managing editor of The Michigan Daily, Schermerhorn was sports editor, and Clark was news editor.

Milton R. Marx (Michigan '19) elected managing editor of The Inlander for the year 1918-19, entered the camp at Syracuse, N. Y., in limited service work in August. Three weeks after entering the service he was made a sergeant.

Bruce Millar (Michigan '19) formerly telegraph editor of The Michigan Daily, is now in England in an aviation camp.

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# News of the Chapters

## De Pauw

**B**ARRACKS life has left little time for Sigma Delta Chi meetings of the kind to which De Pauw students and alumni have become accustomed. An intervening summer of war calls reduced the number of active men.

But those who did return, even though they returned as soldiers to camp, came with the determination that however much war may cut into the fraternity's regular program it will not crowd it out entirely or lead them to forget that the organization's future peace-security is wholly dependent on the men now in college.

Fraternity houses are closed or converted temporarily into girls' dormitories. The men are lodged in the former woman's residence of Florence Hall and in West College. The Daily has temporarily suspended.

Yet this same military emphasis has brought an increased number of men to college. From these the chapter expects to select a nucleus which will continue to exist should all the older men be called. Occasional meetings will be held and arrangements have been made to keep in touch with the national organization. George Smith, editor of The Daily, is president. Wilfred Smith is treasurer. James Claypool, secretary, enlisted in the Marine Corps during the summer.

## Kansas

Kansas chapter's quartet of returning members, Fred Rigby, Herman and Luther Hagen and Charles Slawson, are all in the S. A. T. C., but propose to keep the organization as active as war conditions will permit. They plan to elect new members in the near future.

Lawson May, president, who volunteered to act as secretary until a successor to Millard Wear was elected, is out of college. Like Wear, he entered the army.

## Michigan

With the number of its members greatly depleted by both war and graduation, the Michigan chapter of Sigma Delta Chi met for its first meeting of the year, on October 1. Only six members answered the roll call.

Walter S. Reiss, '20, who had been unsuccessful in his attempts to enter military service, again took up his duties as business manager of The Michigan Gargoyle, the humorous monthly. He had served in that capacity during the year 1917-18, following the withdrawal of the senior appointee.

William A. Leitzinger, '20, is continuing his advertising work on the staff of The Michigan Daily, as far as his connection with the Students Army Training Corps will permit.

Claire Roeser, '19, who was last year elected to the position of managing editor of The Daily was forced to resign, owing to the work involved by his enrollment in the S. A. T. C.

David Landis, '20, also a member of the training corps, is assisting in editing the sport page of The Daily.

Charles R. Osius, '20, has been elected managing editor of The Michiganensian, which this year will take the form of a war annual, to appear in three sections, one at the close of each term as provided for under the new University regulation. In spite of the small force of workers to assist him in the work, he is nevertheless

less finding time in which to act as city editor of The Daily.

Irregularity and poor attendance have unfortunately marked the few meetings held thus far this year, this state of affairs being wholly attributed to conflicting schedules, both military and scholastic. It is the aim of the members in the Michigan chapter to hold together the various University publications as best they can until such time as the campus may return to normal. Regular meetings will be held as soon as some entirely satisfactory time can be hit upon, and the organization and traditions of the chapter held intact.

## Purdue

Ten members of Purdue chapter returned to the university this fall. N. T. Crane, president of the chapter; W. A. Smith and A. L. Mohler are members of the Naval Reserve, attending college under orders. The remaining seven,

most of whom are in the S. A. T. C., are: R. S. Bundy (who expected to be in the service before The Quill appeared), H. J. Adler, E. M. Wolf, W. G. Albershardt, H. F. Lafuze, J. H. Weghorst and R. S. Ernst. Registration under the draft law prior to September 12 prevented several from getting into the S. A. T. C., and they applied for admission to officers' training camps.

Publication of The Purdue Exponent was suspended because of the war, with a consequent diminution of available and proved material for membership, so no election has been held thus far. Several of the old Exponent staff, including members of the chapter, endeavored to keep the name alive by publishing a half page in the daily rapers of Lafayette, but after a month barracks life prohibited even this devotion to journalism. The Engineering Review has also ceased publication.

## Wisconsin

Only two members of Wisconsin chapter returned to college this fall: Owen L. Scott and Harold Gill. The S. A. T. C. occupies a good part of Gill's time, and has so far prevented any attempt at chapter activity. The chapter has been advised by the national officers of the fraternity not to neglect the election of members, despite the absence of any considerable voting body, the view of the executive council being that the nucleus of a revived chapter should be ever-present.

The death of two members of the chapter on the field of action is noted elsewhere in this issue.

## Grinnell

Homer O. Noel, of Grinnell College, writes that the attitude of the commandant of the Student Army Training Corps toward installation of Grinnell chapter is as yet in doubt, but that plans are being made for its early induction into full membership. Officers elected for the year are: Prof. D. D. Griffith, president; Donald H. Clark, vice-president; Homer O. Noel, secretary, and Paul Stewart, treasurer. Iowa State College and University of Iowa chapters have volunteered to assist in the installation.

## University of Iowa

The opening of the University of Iowa finds only one student member of Sigma Delta Chi in school. Keith Hamill is continuing his law course, having been rejected for military service. The others who are interested in the welfare of the fraternity are Dr. C. H. Weller, university editor, and Frank Thayer, director of the courses in journalism. Weller, Hamill and Thayer are acting as an executive committee in charge of the fraternity affairs.

Because of the postponement of the opening of the university and the Spanish influenza epidemic, the chapter was late in beginning its year's work.

Thirty-five are registered in journalism this year. Of this number but three are men, and two of these are in the S. A. T. C., which fact means that they do not have much time for reporting on The Iowan. The other man is Juan Valdes, from the Philippines.

Four courses are being offered in journalism this year: The Newspaper, Editing, Interpretation of the News, and Journalistic Writing.

For the first time in the University's history a woman is editor of The Iowan.

## Directory of Sigma Delta Chi Officers

**National President:** Capt. Robert C. Lowry, Publicity Officer, Camp Travis, Tex.  
**National Vice-President:** Lieut. Frank E. Mason, 395 Park Place, Milwaukee, Wis.  
**National Secretary:** Kenneth Hogate, The Detroit News, Detroit.  
**National Treasurer:** F. M. Church, 221 Lincoln Ave., Detroit.  
**Editor The Quill:** Lee A. White, 99 Maidstone St., Detroit.  
**Past National Presidents:** William M. Glenn, The Morning Sentinel, Orlando, Fla.; Laurence Sloan, The American, New York; S. H. Lewis, The Lynden Tribune, Lynden, Wash.; Lieut. Roger Steffan, U. S. A.

## CHAPTER SECRETARIES.

**DePauw:** George W. Smith, Phi Kappa Psi House, Greencastle, Ind.  
**Kansas:** Fred Rigby, S. A. T. C. Lawrence, Kas.  
**Michigan:** Charles R. Osius, Jr., Press Bldg., Ann Arbor.  
**Denver:** G. A. Yetter, 2211 So. Josephine St., Denver, Colo.  
**Washington:** Mark Haas, 1605 E. 47th St., Seattle.  
**Purdue:** W. G. Albershardt, West Lafayette, Ind.  
**Ohio:** Luther C. Swain, 1934 Indianola Ave., Columbus.  
**Wisconsin:** Owen L. Scott, 203 Frances St., Madison, Wis.  
**Iowa:** Keith Hamill, Iowa City.  
**Illinois:** Harold J. Orr, 410 E. Green St., Champaign.  
**Missouri:** W. T. Harney, 142 N. Brighton St., Kansas City, Mo.  
**Texas:** Edward Walker, Box S, University Station, Austin Tex.  
**Oregon:** Douglas Charles Mullarky, Sigma Chi House, Eugene, Ore.  
**Oklahoma:** Charles C. Taliaferro, 757 Asp Ave., Norman, Okla.  
**Indiana:** Herbert Hope, Indiana Club, Bloomington.  
**Nebraska:** Herman H. Thomas, 345 N. 14th St., Lincoln, Neb.  
**Iowa State:** Z. R. Mills, Iowa State Student, Station A, Ames, Iowa.  
**Stanford:** Miller McClintock, 375 Little Kingsley St., Palo Alto, Calif.  
**Montana:** John Markle (acting), State University, Missoula, Mont.  
**Louisiana:** T. G. Lawrence, Lake Park, Baton Rouge, La.  
**Kansas State:** Carl P. Miller, 1060 Vattier St., Manhattan, Kas.  
**Maine:** Cecil D. MacIlroy (pro tem.), P. O. Box 111, Bridgewater, Maine.  
**Beloit:** Carl Kesler, S. A. T. C., Beloit, Wis.  
**Minnesota:** Address Secretary S. D. C., care of Prof. W. P. Kirkwood, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.  
**Miami:** Theodore Douglas, 115 E. Race St., Oxford, O.  
**Knox:** Edmond B. Stofft, 630 N. Broad St., Galesburg, Ill.  
**Western Reserve:** Ralph W. Bell, Delta Upsilon, W. R. U., Cleveland, Ohio.  
**Grinnell:** Homer O. Noel, Grinnell, Iowa.  
**Detroit Alumni:** F. M. Church, 221 Lincoln Ave., Detroit.  
**Seattle Alumni:** Will Simonds, Seattle Daily Times.



Miss Mildred Whitcomb, last year's women's editor, is now editor-in-chief. Miss Romola Latchem is business manager. She is also the first woman to hold this position. The Iowan has, for the period of the war, dropped three issues a week. Last year it appeared daily except Monday. This year Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday are publication days.

#### Texas.

Five members of Texas chapter returned to college this fall. Of these, four, J. Turner Garner, Ed. Angly, Gus F. Taylor and Jack F. Lubben, are in the S. A. T. C. The fifth, F. Edward Walker, is in the naval unit. Barracks life and quarantine have dulled the edge of fraternal life, but there is hope of activity before the semester ends.

Walker, who is secretary of the chapter, is editor of *The Daily Texan*, now an afternoon sheet with women doing most of the work. Angly is editing *The Cactus*, and has Lubben on his staff. Taylor is on the advisory board of *The Texan*. *The Cactus*, the university annual; *The Texan*, and *The Longhorn Magazine*, are all vigorous and furnish excellent prospects for membership in Sigma Delta Chi.

The registration at Texas this year is 2,200. Most of the men are in the S. A. T. C.

#### Oregon

Spanish influenza and the work of the Student Army Training Corps have conspired to reduce the activity of the four members of Oregon chapter who are back—Douglas Mullarky, Alexander Brown, Levant Pease and Leith Abbott. All are in uniform.

Mullarky is editing *The Oregon Emerald* under most trying circumstances. Thirteen of his fifteen assistants are women. He has had newspaper experience in Portland and Seattle, last summer being spent in the latter city on *The Post-Intelligencer*.

Dean Eric Allen, of the school of journalism, an honorary member of the chapter, is desperately busy with military work. He is major and chief staff officer in the Officers' Training Camp, which now has state standing.

#### Louisiana

Prof. H. M. Blain, director of the department of journalism at Baton Rouge, reported T. G. Lawrence back in college, but ill with influenza, which accounts for the absence of further word from Louisiana chapter.

#### Iowa State

Z. R. Mills, who is business manager of *The Iowa State Student* this year, is acting as secretary of the chapter, but three of whose active members are back in college. All have volunteered to assist in the installation of the Grinnell College chapter, when plans for the induction of its members are completed.

#### Montana

Rox Reynolds '18, president of Montana chapter, is editor of *The Kaimin*, the student newspaper. He worked last summer with Edward Rosendorf, also a junior, on *The Missoulian*, Missoula, Mont.

It is not expected that war conditions will permit of a membership of more than two or three upperclassmen. The chapter proposes, however, to keep sufficient life in its veins to insure renewal of strength with the coming of peace.

#### Kansas State

Of all the members of Kansas State College chapter, only one, Carl Miller, is back on the campus this fall. With the assistance of the three members in

the faculty, however, he will proceed soon to the election of members from the promising material available.

Miller is business manager of *The Kansas State Collegian*. The editor is a woman.

#### Beloit.

In common with other institutions, unusual changes have come to Beloit College this year. The school has reverted to first things, to the original meaning of campus, for instance, in the Latin sense, and daily the "field" is marched over by 400 new troops of the American army. Beloit has been handling a vocational unit of 200 men since last June, offering courses in gas engine repair and radio.

At roll call three members of Sigma Delta Chi responded, all members of S. A. T. C.: Carl Kesler, acting first sergeant; Herbert Helble, corporal, and Private Chester Babcock. Sergeant Kesler has found time to conduct the S. A. T. C. section of *The Round Table*, now captained, officered, supplied and edited by young women of the school.

After the first weeks of organization have passed, we may confidently expect the chapter to resume something like its normal life.

### News of the Breadwinners

**T**HE MIDLAND, a literary magazine published by John T. Frederick (Iowa) at Moorhead, Minn., is winning recognition of its high standards. Stanley Braithwaite's poetry review ranks it above any other magazine in America (outside the all-poetry class) for number of distinctive poems printed in the last twelve months.

Frank B. Thayer (Wisconsin), who spent last summer on the copy desk of *The Detroit News*, is again in charge of instruction in journalism at the University of Iowa.

Homer O. Noel, who conducted the correspondence resulting in the addition of Grinnell College to the roll of Sigma Delta Chi, on *The Keokuk County News*, at Sigourney, Iowa, last summer.

Norman J. Radder (Wisconsin, '17), instructor in journalism at the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark., covered South Side police court for *The Kansas City Star* last summer.

Robert L. Duffus, a graduate of Stanford University, who made one notable contribution to *The Quill* and promises others, is now an editorial writer on *The San Francisco Call*. He occupied a similar position on *The Chronicle*, but left that paper to go to *The Call* when Fremont Older became its editor. Older's abandonment of *The Chronicle* was a sensation in Pacific Coast newspaper circles, of which he is a militant leader.

Silas B. Ragsdale (Texas) is city editor of *The Galveston News*.

Paul Greer (Michigan '10), who left *The Kansas City Star* to help edit *The Non-Partisan Leader* in the Twin Cities, is managing editor of a new daily newspaper, *The Grand Forks (N. D.) American*. The newspaper is owned by a thousand farmers who put up \$100 each to insure its financial good health. Grand Forks is the seat of the state university, and, Greer avers, "the storm center of the new democracy."

Homer McKittrick (Denver) is in Washington, D. C., attached to the Personnel Division of the General Staff, U. S. A., in a civilian capacity.

James A. Fry (Montana '17) is police reporter for the *Anaconda Standard*, in Butte, Mont.

### Chasing the Art

(Continued from page 11)

Yes, you may have that—only—only—please be sure that it is returned to them. It's the only one they have.

And the pictures themselves! How they differ: the cheap postcard taken by the amusement-park photographer "while you wait"; the artistic masterpiece in sepia, signed with the bold scrawl of the confident craftsman, and clad in the heavy brown folder. One is margined with fingerprints and another has a suspicious blister upon it. Some are signed with words of love and respect—others are so cold, barren and immaculate that one imagines them to have remained carelessly thrust away in drawer or desk pigeon-hole from the time of their receipt until the picture chaser called them forth.

The Cub has the satisfaction of knowing that some of his work, at least, will go down to posterity. The smudgy reproduction of that boyish face as it appears in the news columns, together with the few words written beneath it, will be treasured sacredly in the years to come. Long after the Cub, perhaps, has grown a paunch and become an opulent owner, or passed away to keep company with the heroes whose deaths he recorded, little children sitting on Granny's knee will learn the history of the Great War and the part played by Uncle Fred or William, from the yellowed clipping in her hand.

### Sigma Delta Chi in Khaki

(Continued from page 13)

Albert E. Horne (Michigan '18) was commissioned a second lieutenant in field artillery in August.

Russell E. Barnes (Michigan '20) editor of *The Wolverine*, the summer school paper, has received an appointment to an officers' training camp. He is at his home in Huntington, Ind., awaiting his call.

Roy H. Fricken (Michigan '19) has received an appointment to Camp Hancock, Ga., a machine gun officers' training school. He is working on *The Detroit Journal* while awaiting his call.

Harry Griffin (Montana '19), who was in the school for officers at the Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., is now in training at the Officers' Naval Reserve School at Great Lakes, Ill.

Glenn Chaffin (Montana '20) is enrolled in the naval training station on the campus of the University of Washington. Seymour Gorsline (Montana '19) made application for admission to the same station.

George P. Stone (Montana honorary) expected to enter service at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash., or an artillery officers' training camp, in October.

Conrad Brevick (Washington) is in Co. B, Third Regiment, Ordinance Training Camp, Camp Hancock, Ga. This supply school, to which he was assigned after training at the University of Oregon, established a national record in the psychological tests given to all officers and men in the service. The two thousand men in the school are all college men, graduates or professional men of high standing. The school is so far ahead of schedule in its enlisted personnel that many of the men have grave doubts whether they'll ever see France.

**Statement of the Ownership,  
Management, Circulation,  
Etc., Required by the Act of  
Congress, August 24, 1912,**

Of THE QUILL, published Quarterly at  
Detroit, Michigan, for October 1918.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne  
ss.—Before me, a Notary Public in and for  
the State and county aforesaid, personally  
appeared Lee A White, who having been  
duly sworn according to law, deposes and  
says that he is the editor and manager of  
THE QUILL, and that the following is, to  
the best of his knowledge and belief, a true  
statement of the ownership, management  
etc., of the aforesaid publication for the  
date shown in the above caption, required  
by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied  
in section 443, Postal Laws and Regula-  
tions, printed on the reverse of this form,  
to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the  
publisher, editor, managing editor, and busi-  
ness managers are:

Publisher: Sigma Delta Chi, 221 Lincoln  
avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Editor, Lee A White, 99 Maidstone street,  
Detroit, Mich.

Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, Lee A White, 99  
Maidstone street, Detroit, Mich.

2. That the owners are: Sigma Delta Chi;  
Robert C. Lowry, Camp Travis, Tex., pre-  
sident; Frank E. Mason, 395 Park Place,  
Milwaukee, Wis., vice president; Kenneth C.  
Hogate, 163 Willis avenue, west, Detroit,  
Mich., secretary; F. N. Church, 221 Lincoln  
avenue, Detroit, Mich., treasurer; Lee A  
White, 99 Maidstone street, Detroit, Mich.,  
editor.

3. That the known bondholders, mort-  
gages, and other security holders owning  
or holding 1 per cent or more of total  
amount of bonds, mortgages, or other secur-  
ities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above,  
giving the names of the owners, stockhold-  
ers, and security holders, if any, contain  
not only the list of stockholders and securi-  
ty holders as they appear upon the books  
of the company but also, in cases where  
the stockholders or security holders appear  
upon the books of the company as trustee  
or in any other fiduciary relation, the names  
of the person or corporation for whom such  
trustee is acting, is given; also that the said  
two paragraphs contain statements embrac-  
ing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to  
the circumstances and conditions under  
which stockholders and security holders who  
do not appear upon the books of the com-  
pany as trustees, hold stock and securities  
in a capacity other than that of a bona fide  
owner; and this affiant has no reason to be-  
lieve that any other person, association, or  
corporation has any interest, direct or in-  
direct in the said stock, bonds or other se-  
curities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies  
of each publication sold or distributed,  
through the mails or otherwise, to paid sub-  
scribers during the six months preceding the  
date shown above is:—(This information is  
not required of THE QUILL.)


LEE A WHITE,  
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this  
30th day of September, 1918.

(Seal) CECIL BILLINGTON,

(My commission expires Sept. 30, 1918.)

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